



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

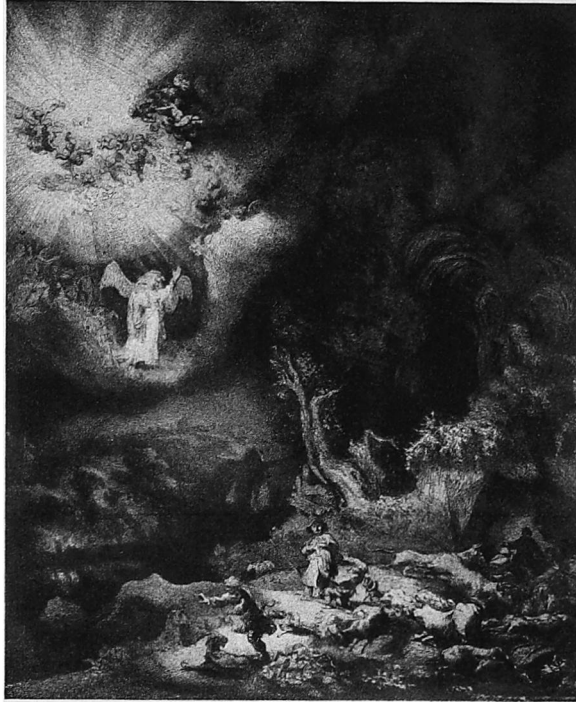
Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

drift back to Europe, which places no import duty on works of art, but many of those that remain will eventually find their way into public institutions. The fact that they are already here, that they have been well chosen and properly prized, is, however, the first subject for congratulation.

It is noteworthy that of the master's total output there now exist about 450 paintings, 260 etchings, and about 900 drawings, or 1610 works in all.

L. T. GRANGER.

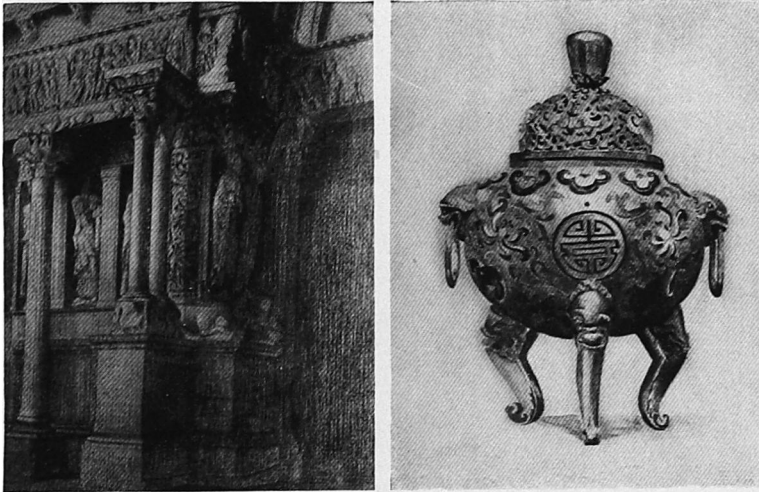


ANNUNCIATION OF THE SHEPHERDS  
By Rembrandt

## SALON OF THE DILETTANTI—IX

### SKY-SCRAPING SCULPTURE

The Architect had been down to lower New York, and he said he had come back full of it. Full of what? inquired one of the Dilettanti. Why, of the sense of architectural absurdity, snapped the Architect. He had gone down, he said, expressly to see the sculptural embellishments of the new, much-vaunted Hall of Records, and—well, did the Dilettanti ever hear of such a fizzle of an enterprise? He practically had to take the whole business on trust, and he came away disgruntled, as anyone



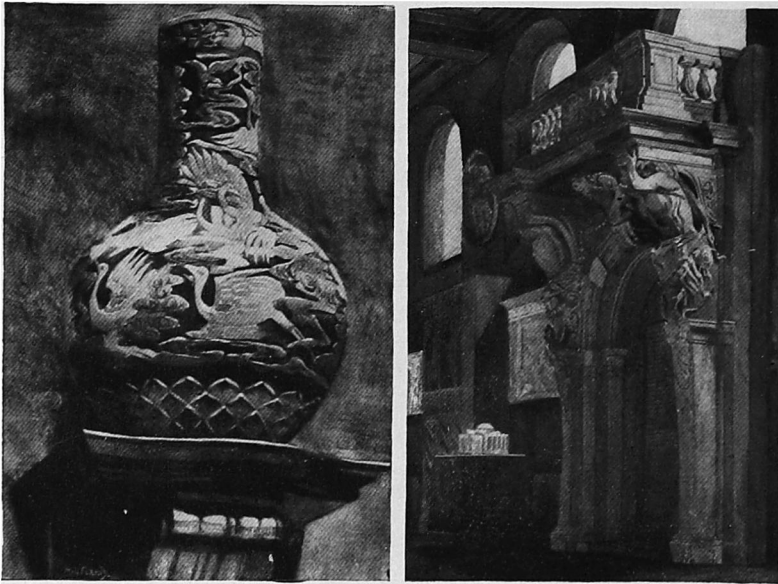
DECORATIVE DESIGNS  
By Helen Gilbert and Edna Tucker  
Art Institute, Chicago

else would who had relied on a reed, and found it broken — or too short. He neglected, he said, to take along a telescope, or a scaling ladder, or a balloon, or some other means of killing altitude, and there wasn't a derrick or a fire-escape on the building — not so much as a decent sized stepladder in the neighborhood. And there were the statues, twenty-four of them, virtually at the top of the building, on a line with the seventh-story windows — lost to sight, to the tax-payers' memory dear!

Could anything be more absurd? There, overlooking Court House Square, were perched Duane, and Colden, and Stuyvesant, and Hone, and Hewitt, and Clinton, and Heathcote, and De Vries — all worthy old-time Mayors of the burg, who in less metropolitan days had come swinging down the pike, the admired of ward heelers and the courted of job-hunters, and now, alas! — the Architect said it made him sad to think of it — condemned as long as the stone lasted to aerial solitude. There wasn't a one of them who, if there was a bathtub on the ledge at his feet, couldn't have stripped off with perfect propriety and cooled his blistering sides with a dip, and not a soul would be the wiser — not even Dr. Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock, who have a special scent for social impurity, would have been conscious of any infraction of public decency. Why, the things, on their roost above the maddening crowd, were lost — they might just as well be at the north pole, which (in conjunction with a large quota of notoriety) Walter Wellman hoped to discover, or in the wilds of Central Africa, where Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, was supposed to be hobnobbing with the natives, with his eye open for curiosities to purloin from their indigenous haunts for the institution's anthropological museum. The eight worthies didn't have a thing to do

in the world except to stand where they had been put, and gradually take on a tan of weathering. They were uncompromisingly stoical and indifferent, as most stone things are. They could afford to be — they apparently knew that their station put them beyond the pale of human interest — they didn't even have to be looked at. That was what the Architect called exalted art.

And then there were sixteen dreams of the ideal, on the same level — seven stories high — gone up into obscurity like Elijah in his chariot of fire, without even dropping a mantle, as Elijah did, to let folks know he had gone. Who would even divine that somewhere away up in the sky, overlooking Center Street, in dress — or undress — array, were Architecture, Music, Industrial Art, Navigation, Commerce, Industry, Medicine and Chemistry, and around the corner, overlooking the lane called Reade Street, were Justice, Electricity, Printing, Force, Tradition, Iron Age, Painting and Sculpture? Who would ever discover that Justice looked the other way from the halls where justice was supposed to be meted out; that Printing turned her back on printers' row, where acres of newspapers are daily run off; that Tradition had her eyes turned on the virgin Bronx and not on crash-chronicling Wall Street; that Architecture blushing gazed on Brooklyn and Music looked the opposite way from the Metropolitan Opera House? The Dilettanti might say that these were the odd conceits of a stickler. But there certainly was no conceit about the fact that twenty-four art works, for which the taxpayers had



DECORATIVE DESIGNS

By Mary Ferris and Edith Deming  
Art Institute, Chicago

paid their good money, and which they had a right to enjoy, had been put up out of sight, out of comprehension, out of enjoyment—out, in short, of the purpose for which they were created.

Would any sane person, the Architect asked, pay two or three hundred dollars for a miniature, and then hang it in his parlor above the picture moulding? Would anyone carve a dainty cameo, and then put it on the top of the mantel? As well set the cap-stone of a steeple with diamonds, or paint frescoes on the walls of the Subway between-stations. As well create an Art Museum, and paint "No Admittance" on the locked door. The municipal authorities would have been just as sensible if they had buried Martiny's statues under the corner-stone of the Hall of Records in lieu of the customary box with coins, photographs and newspaper clippings. The Architect had gone to the opposite side of Reade Street till his coat brushed the building walls, and all he could see was the head-dresses of the symbolic goddesses! Did the astute municipal architects think Reade Street property owners on the other side were going to fit up observation parlors on their upper floors and derive revenue from the public for "close inspection"? Did they think some millions of people were going to provide themselves with telescopes or binoculars and take trips to Brooklyn Bridge or the postoffice for vantage ground from which to see the statues on the other two sides? Did they think to create new nuisances in Court House Square and the approaches to Brooklyn Bridge in the form of telescope stands to view the constellation of the Hall of Records? Wasn't it asinine?

In the parturitive throes of creative effort Philip Martiny had produced these old-time Mayors in the semblance of what he thought they were — or ought to be — in life, and these symbolic figures of arts and sciences and forces in the guise of his visualized conception, produced them at great expense to himself — and incidentally to the public — and was it a compliment to his ability thus to "sky" his work, as though it were a case in which distance lent enchantment to the view? Bush-Brown's efforts — he did some minor sculptural embellishments — practically shared the same fate. The only two statues "hung on the line" — to resort to the parlance of the exhibition gallery — were the two figures that graced the portal on the Center Street side. These were the only two of whose existence the surging multitude of New Yorkers were conscious. The rest were relegated to the Timbuctoo of upper air, and might just as well have been relegated to the Timbuctoo of geographical fame, for all the average New Yorker knew about them. It seemed as though Horgan and Slattery, the architects, or whoever else was responsible for the stilted position provided for the works of Martiny and Bush-Brown, "had it in" for art, or at least for artists who aspired to nurse awhile on public pap, and had taken occasion to administer a lasting rebuke.

Lasting! Aye, there was the rub. The Architect recalled the criticism of the Pension Office at Washington by General Sheridan. It will be remembered that he was taken one day to inspect the building, and

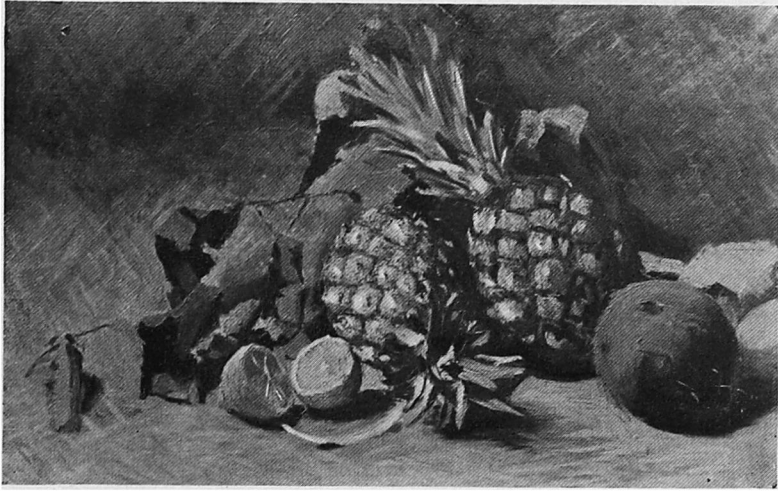
when asked his opinion of the structure said: "It has only one defect." "What is that, General?" asked one of the committee who did the honors of the occasion, mistaking the criticism for eulogy. "Why," said Sheridan, "it's fireproof!" Don't take this as condemnatory of the works of Martiny and Bush-Brown, hastily interjected the Architect. The blamed things were so high up you couldn't tell whether they were good, bad, or indifferent. He meant merely to criticise the poverty of invention that could not provide a "seeable" place for things designed to be seen, or the bad taste or skimp judgment that would put man-made works of art at a far remove toward Orion, the Pleiades, and other attractions of the heavens. The average New Yorker's mind didn't run that way. He was of the earth earthy, and if his buildings did buttress the clouds it was only that he might get more revenue out of the few feet of earth he had a deed to. This was a general statement, the Architect insisted, and in no sense personal. If the honorable old Mayors of New York were taken off their perches and made hitching posts at the curb line, it might be bringing art down to the level of the people, but it would certainly make them "seeable"—which would be a move in the right direction, one the public would appreciate.

But wasn't the practice of placing statues in high-up niches a common one in the Old World? ventured one of the Dilettanti. The Architect didn't care if the practice was hallowed by all the traditions of art since art began—it was a bad practice, it was assinine. Precedent didn't establish law—if attorneys who extolled custom above right were prone to bolster up their cases with the allegation. Perhaps if you had a job lot of emaciated pseudo-saints of the mediæval brand, whose countenances were a reproach to normal existence, it might be well, the Architect admitted, to stick them away in any old corner—and the higher the better—so they could not be seen. But to think of putting idealized conceptions of Architecture, Music, Painting, Sculpture and the like—to say nothing of the Mayors of New York—under the eaves of a skyscraper! Folly of follies! Abomination! Imagine the throes of the ostracized goddesses of idealization! Think of the pique of the mayors "skied" for all time away from their former haunts!

What if builders of the olden time did tuck away their sculpture in impossible places—let the dead past bury its dead. We of the twentieth century have a right to demand something more of our architects—the ability to make designs so that things intended to be seen can be seen. The new New York Custom House was another instance of doing violence to common sense. Despite its under-the-eaves statuary in front, the sides of the building were its most admirable approaches. But, to come back again to the Hall of Records, for us tax-payers of to-day who foot the bill, to pay for statues—finished works of art—to serve as screens for windows on the seventh floor of public buildings was a good deal like planking down the cash for absent treatments. We would rather have our priestesses closer to hand—especially, as is probably the case

with Martiny's dreams of the ideal (the Architect said "probably" because he had to take the matter of looks on trust), if they were winsome; and especially, as should be the case with the Mayors of New York, if they were interesting enough and good enough looking to make it desirable to perpetuate them in stone.

REPORTED BY THE SALON'S SECRETARY.



STILL LIFE IN OIL

By Mrs. J. Currier  
Art Institute, Chicago

## THE WORK OF COLIN C. COOPER, ARTIST

A clever phrase-maker — the mooted question of priority of utterance by Schelling, Goethe or Madame De Staël need not concern us — has defined architecture as "petrified music," a definition no less happy in point of truth than in point of phraseology. The apt characterization, of course, applies only to architecture in the best sense, and not to the construction of mere utility boxes; and is a frank recognition of the beauty, the charm, the spirit, the poetry of the builder's art. As a matter of fact, balance, proportion of mass, rhythm of line, local color, character, sentiment — everything that enters into the so-called fine arts is to be found in architecture, and when it is said that architecture is "petrified music" it might with equal propriety be said that it is "sculpture colossalized," or "painting solidified," or the art of the jeweler, the potter, the craftsman on a Titanic scale.

And yet it is somewhat surprising how few, even of those of artistic temperament, see in all its fullness the beauty and poetry of buildings, either separately or in collocation. Numberless are the painters who